

*god K Bennis (M)*  
God only exalted in his own Work;

O R, T H E  
W O R K S of G O D

Praiseth him in

S I O N;

O R,

A Song of Deliverance from a great and sore Captivity, Thralldome, and Bondage, under the King of Egyptian Darknesse, the God of the World, where the soul was fast bound as with strong Chains and Fetters; but now ransomed (by the out-stretched Arm of Gods Almighty power) and come to *Sion* with Songs of everlasting joy upon thy head, and hast obtain'd joy and gladnesse, and thy sighing and mourning is fled away: witnessed unto, and experienced in that Vessel, whose earthly Tabernacle bears the name of *William Bennis*.

*Published in singlenesse and uprightnes of heart (from a constraint of Gods love) to all those who are yet groaning and panting after the Lord in truth and sincerity, that they may meet with some refreshment and encouragement in their journey and travels towards the Land of rest and peace.*

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Printed in the Year , 1664.



**O**H! oh! my soul, my soul, what hath the Lord, even the Lord thy God done for thee? oh! what hath he done for thee, oh! my soul? oh! my soul, a little while sit thee down in thy secret chamber of rest and quietnesse, and there, oh my soul! a little meditate of the most excellent loving kindnesse of the Lord, thy tender compassionate God of infinite bowells; which he hath manifested to thee, oh my soul! of things past, present, and to come; that so the perfect sense of the love, mercy, pity, kindnesse, tendernesse, and compassion of the Lord, thy tender God, may alwaies rest in and upon thee, oh my soul! That oh my soul! through the sense, feeling, and true remembrance thereof, thou may be, O blessed God, praised, glorified, and magnified, revered, and honoured, even the holy, powerful, eternal, wonderful, everlasting Name of the Lord God Almighty, who inhabiteth Eternity, who lives for ever and evermore; and bound thereby to a bountiful, kind, loving, tender, pitiful, merciful, compassionate God towards all souls: in the measure of God, thy God, who hath abounded in loving kindnesse towards thee, oh my soul!

Oh! oh! my soul, my soul, remember thou wert once a prisoner in the prison-house of darknesse, strongly bound in chains and fetters, a slave and a captive in the Land of *Egypt*, under the servitude and slavery of the Prince and power of darknesse, the God of the world, the King of *Egypt*: and through a sense of thy hard bondage, and deplorable thraldome and miserable captivity, oh my soul! thou wert made in secret to cry and groan under thy burdens unto the Lord thy tender God, whose bowells, whose tender bowels of infinite pity & unfathomable compassion did (in mercy to thee) hover over thee, even in that thy sad miserable, deplorable state; first made thee sensible of thy sad captivity, and so in the sense thereof (and in the sense of thy own helplesnesse) how didst thou cry, cry unto the Lord God of pity for help, and groan unto him for deliverance, oh my soul! and the Lord who opened thine eye, and gave thee a glimpse of thy sad estate, did hear thy groanings, and thy cries, and (for his own Seeds sake) set himself (by the out-stretched



arm of his power) to deliver thee out of thy sad captivity, in which thou wert, without help of thy own, and there must abide, had not the Lord God of everlasting unfathomable bowels of pity had mercy upon thee, oh my soul!

Oh! oh! oh! my soul, my soul, the remembrance of the tender love, the tender pity, the tender mercy of thy tender pitiful God: how can it but even rend thy bowels even from top to bottome, oh my soul, and remember, oh my soul! how the Lord God Almighty, through his sore plagues and righteous judgements executed upon *Pharaoh* the King of *Egypt* (under whom thou wert a slave) by an out-stretched arm and a mighty power (by the slaying with the sword of his vengeance the first-born of *Egypt*) brought thee out of the prison-house, who broke thy chains in pieces, and snapt thy bonds asunder, and brought thee out of *Egypt*, and set thy face towards *Canaan*, the good Land that floweth with milk and honey. And remember, oh my soul! how wonderfully the Lord God, who by his mighty power and out-stretched arm brought thee out of *Egypt*, preserved thee and upheld thee in thy long journey unto *Canaan*, thy tedious way and passage through the sea and wilderness, how gently did he lead thee (as a tender nursing father) and carried thee as in his arms, and bore with thee in his mercy towards thee, when thou sometimes murmured against him, because of the length and straightnesse of the way that he led thee in, and because of the enemies thou had to encounter with by the way, insomuch that thou sometimes backslided in thy heart towards *Egypt*, and lusted after the flesh pots thereof, and murmured against the Lord, who so led thee about in such a crosse knotty way, (to that part, in the which through the crosse, straightnesse and length of the way, was to die, pine, and wither, and be worn away, and fall in the wilderness, and not enter into the holy Land) and yet the Lord thy tender God, who did correct thee through his righteous judgements; and as a tender-hearted Father did chastise thee for thy pining, complaining, and murmurings against him, and thy secret backsliding toward *Egypt*, did not destroy thee, but bear with thy weaknesse and infirmities, and nourished thee and cherished thee day by day, and as a tender-hearted Mother nurseth the only tender babe of her womb; who



who led thee by a pillar of a cloud by day, ( which was a shadow unto thee from the heat ) and a pillar of fire by night, which gave thee light by night, when the Sun was under the earth: who when thou wert an hungry, he gave thee bread from heaven day by day, fresh Manna morning by morning compassed about thy tent, and gave thee water out of the rock to satisfy thy thirst; yea, oh my soul, great, greatly hath the mercy, love, pity and compassion of the Lord thy tender God been manifested towards thee: how did he fight for thee, and subdue thy enemies before thee, and made way for thy passage! yea, remember, remember oh my soul! oh my soul! how that after he had brought thee out of Egypt by his out-stretched arm, and mighty wonderful power, how mightily and wonderfully did he appear for thee, to help thee in thy time of great need, and extream distresse, and great trouble, even when Pharaoh and his great host followed hard after thee, and pursued strongly to overtake thee, and bring thee back again into Egypt under his slavery and servitude. And when Pharaoh and his host followed so close after thee, and the Sea (the great Sea) was before thee, and mountains on each side of thee, how great was the straight thou wert in, and the trouble and sorrow that compassed thee about, oh my soul! that thou wert even at thy wits end, scarce any hope of ever coming at the promised Land, but rather murmuring against the Lord, saying in thy heart, Oh that thou had staid still in Egypt, and not come one step towards Canaan.

And oh! oh! my soul, my soul, in this time of thy greatest straight & trouble (even when thou wert without help of thy own) thou cryed unto the Lord thy God, who gave thee some glimpse of comfort, saying he would fight for thee, and thou shouldst be still and hold thy peace, and so he by his mighty power made hard things to become easie unto thee, and that which appeared as a thing impossible unto thee, he (by his power) made it become possible unto thee. Remember, oh my soul! how he made a way for thee to passe through the Sea, and divided the waters thereof hither and thither, and by his mighty power carried thee through the Sea, and Pharaoh and his host he utterly destroyed in his wrath, and delivered thee oh, my soul! out of his hand,

hand, and destroyed them who would have destroyed thee, and gave thee dominion over them that had dominion over thee, and thou sawest them lie dead as by the Sea shore; glory, glory, glory, ah! glory, glory, and pure praises, praises to God, to the Lord God, even thy God, oh my soul! And now oh my soul! thou canst sing a song of deliverance, a song of victory & triumph, and go into the Sanctuary of God, to the Altar of God, thy God, even God, thy exceeding joy; ah! and upon the Harp thou canst praise God, the Lord thy God, thy delight and joy.

Oh! oh! my soul, my soul, thou in the lowly fear and holy dread of the Lord thy tender God, and in truth and righteousness livingly and experimentally canst say, the Lord my God is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation, he is my rock and strong tower, his work is perfect, a God, the God of truth and righteousness, just and right he is, the holy one whose dwelling is on high, in the holy place, and with him also who is of a poor, and a meek, and a contrite spirit, and that trembleth before his Holiness, and feareth and dread before his dreadful Name: ah! ah! thy right hand O Lord, thy right hand, O Lord God of power, is become glorious in power, is become mighty in power, thy right hand, O Lord God Almighty, hath dashed in pieces mine enemies; by the greatness, O Lord my God, by the greatness of thy wonderful excellency, thou hast O Lord confounded them that rose up against me; thou lettest forth thy wrath and consumed them as stubble before a mighty fire, thou lettest forth the breath of thy fury, & blew upon them and scattered them as chaffe before a mighty wind: Oh! oh! who can stand before thy indignation, thy dreadful indignation? who can abide the extream fierceness of thy anger? thy fury is poured forth like fire, thou breakest the rocks in pieces, the mountains tremble before thee, the mighty God; thou utterest thy voice and the Heathen tremble, thou roarest, and the Kingdoms are moved, and the earth melteth at the appearance of thy presence, who cometh with fire, and thy Chariots like a whirle-wind; thou renderest thy anger with fury, and thy rebukes with flames of fire: thou hast thy way in the whirlewinds, and the Clouds are as the dust of thy feet. Thou art the mighty God, who can but fear before thee, and tremble at thy eternal presence?



presence? thou roarest out of thy *Sion*, and utterest thy voice from thy *Jerusalem*, and the Inhabitants of the earth tremble thereat; but still thou art the hope of thy People, and the strength of thy ransomed ones, their strong Tower, their present Helper in the time of their trouble.

Wherefore I'll not fear, though the Earth be removed and carried into the midst of the Sea, and though the Sea roar and be terrible, and the Mountains shake with the swellings thereof, and the Hills fly before it; though the tall Cedars of *Lebanon* fall, and the strong Oaks of *Rasban* bend before it; yet I will not fear, the Lord is with me, and he will not forsake me, but he will help me, and that right early. Wherefore I will onely fear, before the Lord, before the Lord my God, the mighty eternal God of mighty eternal Power, who measureth out the Heavens as with a span, and measureth the waters of the Seas in the hollow of his hand; who comprehendeth the dust of the Earth in a measure, and weigheth the Mountains as in scales, and the Hills as in a ballancē; who taketh up the Islands as a very little thing; before whose face the Heavens and the Earth flee away, and behold there appeareth no more Sea.

Oh! who can but fear before thee, O Lord my God? the enemy said, I'll pursue, I'll overtake, I'll not spare, my lusts shall be satisfied on him. But O Lord, O Lord God, my God, thou wert my God, near to help in the time of need, and in the time of greatest need appeared, appeared in the greatest power of love. O Lord, thou blew upon them, and the Sea covered them, and they sunk as Lead in the bottom of the mighty Waters. O Lord, O Lord God, who is like unto thee? who amongst the gods is like unto thee the only God, who art dreadful in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Oh! let the people hear and be afraid, and the Dukes of *Edom* be amazed, and let trembling take hold of the mighty men of *Moab*; oh! who can but fear before thee, O Lord my God. Thou hast redeemed me, and led me forth in thy power, and guided me in, thy strength unto thy holy habitation; thou wilt bring me in and plant me in the mountain of thy Inheritance, in thy Sanctuary O Lord, which thy hands have established, wherein I shall live with thee, O Lord my God for ever: Ah! glory, glory, glory unto thee O Lord  
God



God my God. The Lord is a man of war, the Lord of Hosts is his name; *Pharaoh* and his mighty men hath he drowned in the Sea, but he hath saved thee, oh my soul! So Lord let thine enemies perish, but let them that hope in thy mercie live for ever, to declare thy wonders, and magnifie thy name in the Land of the living. Ah! glory, glory, ah! glory, glory to God, the mighty God; ah! praises, praises, honour and thanksgiving unto thee, O Lord my God, who lives for ever and for evermore. *Amen.*

Oh! oh! what is this, what is this that the Lord thy tender God of infinite bowels of pity hath done for thee, oh my soul? thou wert a slave in the Land of *Egypt*, and the Lord hath redeemed thee, oh my soul! thou wert in darknesse, and the Lord hath given thee light; and thou wert under the region and shadow of death, and he hath brought thee forth into the Land of life. Thou wert in the prison, shut up in the prison-house, bound up with chains and fetters, in the low dungeon of darknesse, and he hath broken thy chains, and snapt thy fetters asunder, and loosed thy bonds; in broke up the prison doore, and pulled down the prison house, and set thee free oh my soul!

Oh my soul, my soul! thou wert a captive in the Land of *Babylon*, estranged from the Common-wealth of *Israel*, and an Alien from *Sion*, setting sorrowful and solitary by the River of *Babylon* in the Land of Captivity, mourning when thou thought upon *Sion*, for thou wert a Captive in a strange Land, and sorrow (through the sense of thy awful Captivity and Alienation from thy native Land) compassed thee about, and trouble on every hand; tears was thy drink, daily sorrow thy meat, and groans & sighs thy greatest joy; thou wentest bowed down all the day long with an heart aking, and thine eyes dropping with tears, because of the oppressions of thine enemies, and burdens of thine oppressours; and at the remembrance of *Sion* (and in the sence of thy separation from her) thou didst pant, oh my soul! thou didst pant after *Sion*, the Land of thy nativity; Oh! as the Hart panteth after the water brooks, crying in the anguish of thy sorrow; how long Lord, how long should I be a captive in a strange Land? with longing desires in thy heart after *Sion*: thinking in thy heart, oh! when shall I walk with the ransomed  
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of the Lord upon the Mountain of *Sion*, & travel with the Lords redeemed in the streets of *Jerusalem*; and in that day, oh my soul! the Lord for his own Seeds sake had regard unto thy cries, and thy tears and sorrows was not hid from the view of his tender pitiful eye, and in tender mercy and bowels of compassion towards thee: he, through his free love unto thee brought thee forth out of *Babylon* the Land of thy captivity, and set thy face towards *Sion* thy desired rest, oh! my soul.

But oh! oh! my soul, how oft wert thou bewildered in thy going, even after thy face was turned towards *Sion* travelling thitherward, saying in thy heart, oh! I will go joyn my self unto *Sion* in a perpetual Covenant which shall never be broken, losing thy way, sometimes wandering as it were in the wilderness, in the deserts and solitary places hungry and thirsty, my soul even fainting with weaknesse, and then didst thou cry unto the Lord in thy distress and he helpt thee out of all thy troubles, he took thee by the right hand, and brought thee into the right way in which thou mightest come to thy desired rest, oh my soul! And now, oh my soul! thou art come to *Sion* with songs and everlasting joy upon thy head, and thou hast obtained joy and gladnesse, and thy sighing and mourning is fled away.

And now, oh my soul! thou that wert in a desert doth rejoice, and as a wilderness art made glad, and as a solitary place doth now blossom as a Rose, as a dry heath, now as a fruitful valley, as the parched ground, now as the moist mould that drinketh in the rain that comes upon it. Now, oh my soul! thou in truth canst say the wilderness doth rejoice, and the desert and solitary place is made glad, and blossom as a Rose; water comes forth out of the wilderness, and streams in the desert, the parched ground is become a poole, and the dry heath springs of water; now the mourner rejoices, and the heavy hearted is made glad, and beauty is given in stead of ashes, the oyle of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; now, oh my soul! is thy horn exalted in the Lord in whom thy mouth is enlarged over thy enemies: ah! the Lord maketh rich, and he maketh poor; he woundeth, and he maketh whole; he killeth, and he maketh alive; he brings down, and he raiseth up; he raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and the beg-



gar from off the dunghill, and setteth them among Princes, and cause them to inherit the seat of Glory. Yea, the full he emptieth, that they hire themselves out for bread, and they that were hungry and empty he filleth with good things: yea, the barren he causeth to bear seven, and she that hath had many children is waxed feeble: this is the Lords doing, and it is marvellous in thy eyes, oh my soul!

Oh! my soul, my soul, thou canst in truth say, thy winter is (in measure) over and gone, and the stormy wind is fled away, and the cold parching frosts are dissolved, and the spring and summer is come, and the Sun with its warm beams breaks forth, and the gentle showers descends, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the turtle is heard in thy land, oh my soul! and the vine putteth forth her tender grapes, and the fig-tree with her pleasant figs gives a goodly smell. And now oh! my soul, thou canst set under thy vine, and under thy fig-tree with thy beloved: and who shall make thee afraid, with whom thou canst walk into his pleasant garden of delights, among the beds of spices, and feed among the lillies, and there solace thy self in the bosome of his love.

For oh my soul, oh my soul! there was a time when thou oh my soul! hadst lost thy beloved, and thou soughtst him by night upon thy bed, and in the broad wayes, but thou foundest him not; and therefore sorrow compassed thee as a wall about, and mourning covered thee as a garment, and thou couldst have no rest, until thou hadst found thy beloved, crying fiercely in thy heart, saying in thy ardent desires after him) oh! oh! thou art hid from me as in the clefts of the rocks, and as in the secret places of the stairs: let me see thy countenance, and let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely; and when he did sometimes shew himself unto thee behind the wall, or as through a lattice, and put his fingers in by the hole of the door, thy bowels were moved for him. But now oh my soul! thou dost enjoy his presence which is sweet and pleasant to thee, he is as a bundle of mirrhe, he is thy joy, thou sits under his shadow with great delight; for he is a bower of spices unto thee, and his fruit is sweet to thy tast, he hath brought thee



thee into his banquetting house, where his banner over thee is love, where he comforteth thee with the flaggons of his love: he causeth thee to drinke of his spiced wine which is as the liquor of life, and the juyce of his pomegranates which is as honey to thy tast.

Oh my soul! he filleth thee with good things, that so thou mightest become as a watered garden, and as a spring of water, whose water fails not; that thy bones might flourish as an herb, and thy kidneyes be covered with fatnesse, and thy belly become as an oyley brook: thus hath the Lord thy tender God, thy merciful God, oh my soul! set thee free from the yoke of bondage. And now, oh my soul! rejoyce in fear and trembling, and dread and fear continually in the holy presence of the Lord thy God, and watch, watch, watch, oh my soul! diligently, watch in the lowly fear and godly jealousy over thy own heart, trembling in thy bowels, lest thou, oh my soul! in the joy (the great joy) in the sense of what the Lord hath done for thee (and in a sight of thy good state thou art advanced to) should be lifted up above what is meet, and thereby come to losse and a fall; wherefore, oh my soul! to prevent such mishaps coming unto thee unawares, keep thee watchful and low in fear, and humble, and contrite in heart, and meek, and chaste in mind, tender and broken in bowels, poor and needy in spirit, waiting and depending upon the meer preserving grace of the merciful hand of thy merciful, pitiful, compassionate God of infinite loving kindnesse; that whatever thou do or suffer (through his strength) for him, thou maist not be (in the least degree) exalted above him, but still keeping low in him; dwelling beneath him at his footstool: and whatever thou receivest from him, when he calls for it, return it back to him; and be nothing without him, but what thou art in him alone, knowing that what thou art it is by him, and what thou hath it cometh from him.

Therefore be nothing without him, and return his own to him, for he is worthy that his own should praise him. And in the belly of a humble, lowly, broken, contrite spirit dwell, oh my soul! where thou mayest serve God with thy tears, dwelling in the sence of the freeness of his love and mercy in what he hath done for thee, that the remembrance thereof may rend thy bow-

els before him, passing thy pilgrimage here in fear and trembling before the Lord thy God, unto whom, unto whom, unto whom be glory, glory, glory, praises, praises, praises, thanksgiving, honour, and eternal renown, be rendered unto his eternal name, who is blessed, blessed, blessed for ever and ever. *Amen, Amen. Hallelujah in the highest, Amen. glory, glory, ah glory; Hallelujah in the highest. Amen, Amen, saith my soul.*

*Oh my soul! where didst thou begin, but in the sence of Gods dear, tender, precious, most excellent love stirring in thy heart, and there must thou end, and rest satisfied, and lay thee down quiet in peace with Gods most dear babes, and tender innocent lambs, unto whom thou cleavest as flesh to their bones, towards whom thy bowels, thy bowels, thy tender bowels do unspeakably yearn with secret pantings in thy inward parts, through the weight of love that abides in and upon thee, oh my soul! my soul, my soul,*

WILLIAM BENNET.

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THE END.

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